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FUNERAL OF **HER MAJESTY,** THE BELOVED **QUEEN CAROLINE.**

Kensington, 15 August, 1821.

I HAVE not often had to apologize to my readers, during the almost twenty years that I have published this work weekly, for the want of industry or of energy ; but, at this time, I really do not find my mind in a state to submit to them any thing of my own that I can venture to hope they may deem worthy of the subject on which I am about to write ; or that can be at all commensurate with the feelings of their own hearts. Yesterday was, at once, the most mournful and the most joyous day of my, now pretty long and by no means uneventful, life ; mournful on account of the departure of the remains of that injured, that persecuted Queen, in whose fate I had so long felt the deepest possible interest, and for the security of whose happiness and fame I had

so many years laboured with so much zeal and anxiety ; and joyous on account of the manner in which the people of England proved that they *were in reality*, that brave, just and generous people, which that Queen had so often called them in the overflowings of her kind and grateful soul.

To this natural course of depression of spirits and deadening of intellect there was added the effect of a particular circumstance, (which I shall have occasion to mention in detail by and by) purely accidental in itself, and, in itself, of consequence, but so very *singular* and so very *impressive*, that it will never again, while my powers of memory remain, be, for any considerable interval, absent from my mind.

The truth is, I have been more unhinged during the last forty-eight hours than I ever was in all my life before. I have no spirit to write. One half of my hopes of doing good as a public writer, or in any other public capacity, pointed towards her Majesty, whose final triumph, *complete and signal*, was with me a grand motive to industry

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and perseverance. However, we must bear up against calamities; and, especially when justice to the injured and insulted deceased still demands our future exertions. I, for my own part, shall endeavour to imitate the kind-hearted, true-hearted, just and faithful people of London and Westminster and the Metropolitan Villages; the *lofty-minded "Lower Orders"* of England, to whom it is, as it ever has been, my pride to belong, and whose sentiments and conduct, on this soul-trying occasion, forms so glorious a contrast to that of those, who, in the insolence of their hearts, have bestowed on them the degrading appellation.

I feel myself, at present, unable to do little more than give a brief account of the events of yesterday. I have twice parted from wife and daughters in a way that placed the seas between us. I have twice parted from a son in a similar way. I have been in a ship (with helpless wife and children left behind me) expecting every moment to be burnt, or sent to the bottom by that lightning which had killed some, wounded others, and was discharging itself like pistols within twenty feet of my head. But never, until *yesterday*, did I know what it was to feel my heart sink within me. Not only *dead*; not

only in her coffin without having had an idea of a millionth part of what we felt for her; but carried by my door to be hastened out of the land itself! And, shall she go *for ever*! Shall her injuries be *forgotten*! They shall not, unless I follow her to the grave very quickly.

Before I proceed to the narrative of events, it will be necessary to introduce the correspondence between the Ladies of Her Majesty's Household and the Minister, the Earl of Liverpool, whose name is *Robert Banks Jenkinson*. But, first of all Her Majesty's *Will*; because that document is frequently referred to in the correspondence. I, therefore, here insert a copy of it at the head of the correspondence relative to the *time* and *route* of the funeral. As to the *time*, the Will affords a fair pretext for the *haste*; but, what pretext was there for the *route*? However, let us first see the documents.

HER MAJESTY'S WILL.

This is the last Will and Testament of me, Caroline, Queen Consort of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland:—

I revoke all former Wills.

I constitute and appoint Stephen Lushington, Doctor of Laws, and Thomas Wilde, Esq. Barrister at Law,

trustees and executors of this my Will.

In execution of all powers given me by the will of my late mother, Augusta Duchess of Brunswick-Lunenburg, I appoint, limit, give, devise, and bequeath to my said trustees all my right, title, and interest under the said will, and also all the rest of my property, real and personal, debts and effects, of whatsoever nature or kind soever, and wheresoever situate, upon trust, to receive and collect the same; and, when collected, convert into money, and invest it at their discretion in the funds of the United Kingdom, or otherwise; and, upon further trust, to pay the principal of the whole of the said trust property to William Austin, who has been long under my protection, on his attaining the age of 21 years; and, in the mean time, to pay the interest and proceeds of the same, or so much thereof as to them may seem meet, towards the maintenance and education of the same William Austin: and I do declare that my said trustees and executors shall not be chargeable in respect of the default of each other, or of any agent employed by them or either of them, but only for their own respective receipts, acts, and wilful defaults. I also give and bequeath to my said executors, to be disposed of according to their will and pleasure, all and every my documents, manuscripts, papers, writings, and memoranda, wheresoever being at the time of my death.

CAROLINE R. (Seal.)

Signed, sealed, and published this 3d day of August, in the year 1821, at

Brandenburgh-house, in the presence of

H. BROUGHAM.

THOS. DENMAN.

HENRY HOLLAND, M. D.
HOOD.

This is a Codicil to my Will, dated this 3d day of August:—

I give all my clothes here and in Italy to Mariette Brun. I direct that a particular box, by me described, be sealed with my seal and delivered to Mr. Obichini, of Colman-street, merchant; and I acknowledge that I owe him 4,300*l*. I wish that Government would pay the 15,000*l*. the price of my house in South Audley-street. I desire to be buried in Brunswick. I leave my coach to Stephen Lushington, my executor; my landaulet to John Hieronymus.

Witnesses,

CAROLINE, R.

HOOD.

H. BROUGHAM.

T. DENMAN.

HENRY HOLLAND, M. D.

This is a Codicil to my last Will:—

I give to John Hieronymus and Mariette Brun all my bed and table linen, which has already been used. I give to Louis Bischi the sum of 1,000*l*. and an annuity of 150*l*. per annum, payable half yearly. I give the large picture of myself and late daughter to the Cardinal Albano. The half length picture of myself to Lady Anne Hamilton. I give the picture of myself, which is a copy of that given to the city of London, to my executor, Stephen Lushington. There are two pictures remaining, of which I bequeath to the Marquis Antaldi, that which he

shall choose ; and the remaining one to William Austin. I give to the Viscount and Viscountess Hood, 500*l.* each. I have already given to John Hieronymus one carriage ; I also give him the other open carriage. I declare that my interest under my mother's will is given to William Austin, as a specific legacy. I desire and direct that my body be not opened, and that three days after my death it be carried to Brunswick for interment ; and that the inscription upon my coffin be—" Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England."

CAROLINE, R.

Signed in the presence of

HENRY HOLLAND, M. D.

August 5, 1821.

A Codicil to my last Will:—

I give and bequeath to William Austin, all my plate and household furniture at Brandenburg-house, and also all unused linen.

I direct my executors to make application to his Majesty's Government to pay to them such sum of money as at the time of my decease I may have paid, or which they may be called upon to pay, for the purchase of my house in South Audley-street ; and I give and bequeath — sum of money, as my said executors shall procure and obtain in that respect, unto them my said executors, in trust for William Austin, according to the provisions of my will : such sum to be considered a specific legacy. And in case the Government shall refuse to repay such sum, I direct my executors to sell my interest in the said house, and also the

furniture and things therein. And I give and direct the proceeds thereof to be paid and applied to and for the use of the said William Austin in like manner, as a specific legacy ; but in case the Government shall repay the purchase money of the said house, in that case, the proceeds which may be realized by the sale are to fall into the general residue of my estate. Dated seventh day of August, 1821.

CAROLINE, R.

Witness, HENRY U. THOMSON,
Kensington.

CORRESPONDENCE RELATIVE TO HER
MAJESTY'S FUNERAL.

No. I.—Lady Ann Hamilton and Lady Hood, to Mr. Hobhouse.

The Ladies in attendance on her late Majesty the Queen feel it incumbent on them to state to Mr. Hobhouse, that having only received intimation this day, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, of the necessary preparations to make for the mourning, they find it impossible to complete the dresses requisite before Tuesday night.

Unless the time until Wednesday morning is allowed for the removal of her late Majesty's remains, Lady Ann Hamilton and Lady Hood will not have it in their power to attend the funeral.

Brandenburgh-house,
Saturday night, Aug. 11.

No. II.—Mr. Hobhouse, to Lady Ann Hamilton and Lady Hood.

Mr. Hobhouse has to acknowledge the receipt of the note addressed to him last night by Lady Ann Hamilton and Lady Hood, from whence he is

surprised to learn that the intention of moving the late Queen's remains, as nearly as possible in conformity with the wish expressed in her Majesty's will, should have been so recently communicated to their Ladyships; the anxiety of the King's servants to carry that wish into effect having been expressed to Dr. Lushington and Mr. Wilde on Wednesday, and at every subsequent interview, and these Gentlemen having yesterday stated that there would be no obstacle to the removal of the corpse on Tuesday morning. Mr. Hobhouse will lose no time in dispatching their Ladyships' note to Lord Liverpool, and will communicate his Lordship's answer at the earliest moment.

Grosvenor-place, Aug. 12,
half-past 8 P. M.

To Lady Hood and
Lady Ann Hamilton.

No. III.—Mr. Hobhouse, to Lady Ann Hamilton and Lady Hood. (2d note.)

Mr. Hobhouse presents his compliments to Lady Ann Hamilton and Lady Hood, and is directed by Lord Liverpool to apprise their Ladyships, that the order for the removal of her Majesty's remains on Tuesday is irrevocable. Their Ladyships must be aware, that, in cases of this nature, it is extremely frequent for persons who are to attend the interment to follow after the procession has proceeded far on its route; and it is presumed, that if their Ladyships should unfortunately not be entirely prepared on Tuesday morning, there can be no objection to this course being adopted on the present occasion.

Whitehall, Aug. 12, 4 P. M.

No. IV.—Lady Hood, to the Earl of Liverpool.

My Lord,—Though I have not the honour of your Lordship's acquaintance, I cannot resist the impulse I feel to address you, not as the minister of this country, but I wish to speak to your heart; and I am not without the hope of inspiring you with sympathy on this most interesting and awful subject. I have often, my Lord, heard you highly spoken of. Some time ago I was acquainted with a Lady who was either nearly allied to you, or the late Lady Liverpool. Her sentiments of your good principles inspire me with hope that you will act up to that excellent monitor within every one's breast—"To do as they would be done by." Why, my Lord, is her Majesty's funeral thus indecently hurried? Mr. Hobhouse replied to a note written by Lady Ann Hamilton and myself—"Because it was the Queen's request in her will." This is, I believe, *the first and only request of her Majesty's that ever has been complied with.* And allow me, my Lord, to put another question to you—Why is there to be a guard of honour appointed to attend her funeral, *which honour was never given to her during her life?* If such is persisted in, *I foresee much mischief, and I fear bloodshed.* The people have ever been her Majesty's *only* friends; suffer them to pay their last tribute of affection to their beloved and injured Queen, *without being interrupted by the military.* I have been in the habit of attending her Majesty for the last five months through immense crowds, and not a single accident has ever occur-

red. Why, my Lord, is the corpse to be carried out of the direct road to disappoint the people? For Heaven's sake revoke this sentence; the evil of it exceeds all calculation. I have, my Lord, been the companion of the Queen for the last five months: my previous knowledge of her good and estimable qualities alone induced me to accept this situation, and from seeing her deserted by all her former associates and friends. And I can with truth assure you, that not even the bitterest enemy could censure her Majesty's conduct; and her death-bed, my Lord—that awful moment to which we are all approaching—is an example to all living. She died in peace, I do believe, with all the world; and during her illness frequently said, “Je ne sais si en mourant j'aurai a souffrir des douleurs phisiques, mais je puis vous assurer que je quitterai la vie sans regrets;” and she desired her female attendant, Brunette, to assure her sister De Mont that she had forgiven her. I have one more appeal to make to your Lordship; and first I will ask you why the funeral of the Queen of England should be so much more hurried than that for your Lordship's late wife? That event proves your Lordship's opinion on the subject; the Queen will not have been dead a week till after ten o'clock next Tuesday night: therefore, I trust your heart will dictate the same degree of outward respect, if not love, for your Queen. And now, my Lord, I have only to say, that I have been surprised at the interruption to the tranquillity of this house by a show of mourning, the having a part of this house hung

with black, which cannot be completed before Monday night, if so soon, and the proceeding has only been interrupted this day (Sunday) during the time her Majesty's domestic chaplain performed the church service. I trust, my Lord, you will not order her Majesty's funeral before Wednesday or Thursday next. I will only add, my Lord, that every word of this letter is dictated by myself, and that I have set down nought in malice; for my late beloved mistress (the Queen) set me a better example; but my conscience will not allow me to continue silent, and I entreat that your Lordship will grant all the requests contained in this letter; and in so doing, be assured I shall ever feel the highest veneration and esteem, permit me to add affection, for your Lordship, and believe me, my Lord, your humble servant,
JANE HOOD.

Brandenburgh-house, Aug. 12, 1821.
The Right Hon. the Earl of Liverpool,
Coombe Wood.

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No. V.—The Earl of Liverpool, to
Lady Hood.

Coombe Wood, August 12.

MADAM—I have this moment had the honour of receiving your Ladyship's letter, and I think it right to observe in answer to it, that when her late Majesty's executors communicated to me copies of her last Will, on Wednesday last, by which it appeared that her Majesty desired that three days after her death her body should be sent to Brunswick for interment, I felt it to be my duty to give directions, in the King's absence, that her Ma-

Majesty's intentions in this respect might be carried into effect with as little delay as possible; and I lost no time in laying before the King the directions which had been issued for this purpose. I have since received his Majesty's commands to continue to act in conformity to the orders first given. I had directed that the funeral should proceed from Brandenburgh-house tomorrow morning; but upon a representation which I received from Dr. Lushington yesterday, it was agreed to put off the departure till Tuesday, and I feel that I should be now acting in direct contradiction to the King's commands, as well as contrary to the intention of her late Majesty, if I was a party to any further delay. I am sorry it is not in my power to return a more satisfactory answer to your Ladyship's letter; but I have been ready from the beginning to communicate with her Majesty's executors on the arrangements necessary to be made on this melancholy occasion; and it has been the anxious desire of the King and his Government that every thing should be conducted in the most becoming, orderly, and decent manner.

I have the honour to be, Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Obedient humble Servant,

LIVERPOOL.

CEREMONIAL OF THE PROCESSION FOR
CONDUCTING HER MAJESTY'S RE-
MAINS TO HARWICH.

The remains of her late Majesty will be privately removed from Brandenburgh-house on Tuesday (to-morrow) morning, at seven o'clock, in a hearse decorated with ten escocheons, and

drawn by eight horses, preceded by the Knight Marshal's men on horseback, with black staves, and followed by the carriages of her late Majesty, each drawn by six horses, conveying the Chamberlain, the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and others of her late Majesty's establishment.

The whole will be escorted by a guard consisting of a squadron of the Royal regiment of Horse Guards, with a standard, which will be relieved at Romford by a like guard of the 4th Light Dragoons; and similar reliefs will take place at Chelmsford and Colchester. Upon the arrival of the procession at Chelmsford, the remains of her late Majesty will be placed in the church under a military guard during the night.—On the following morning, at seven o'clock, the procession will move in the same order, (with the exception of the Knight Marshal's men, who will remain at the termination of the first day's journey,) and will halt at Harwich, where a guard of honour will be provided, to guard her Majesty's remains until they shall be embarked; and the colours at that station, and at Landguard Fort, will be hoisted at half mast.—The body, attended by those persons composing the procession who are to accompany the same to the Continent, will be conveyed on board the Glasgow frigate, appointed for this purpose. Minute guns will be fired from Landguard Fort as soon as the body is placed in the boat, and will be continued until the firing is taken up by his Majesty's ships in the bay.

Lord Chamberlain's Office,

Aug. 12, 1821.

Lady Hood's Letter is a beautiful specimen of simple eloquence. Every line tells you that it comes from the heart, and that that heart is kind and true. Her ladyship does, indeed, *flatter* and *pray*; but it is for the just and generous purpose of doing honour to the remains of her beloved Mistress and of averting great public scandal and mischief. All, except those compliments to Liverpool, by the means of which she vainly hoped to soften him, is just, reasonable, and, as events have proved, wise and well-timed.

The *time* of removing the corpse was not conformable to the Will; for, it was *not in three days*. Therefore, two days beyond the time having been taken, the Will having already been touched upon, *why* not delay the removal a little longer? *why* not another day; *why* not *one more day*? Again; the Will ordered to be inscribed *on the coffin*, "*Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England.*" Not a word of this was put on the Coffin; but, on the contrary, a record of the deceased having been the consort of "*the Most Potent*," and God knows what! Was this *obeying* the Queen's Will? And, if the Will was to have no binding effect here, why was it, in spite of the

remonstrances of Lady Hood, to be so completely binding, to give rise to an order so "*irrevocable*," as HOBHOUSE call it, in the other case? Away, then, with this protest, founded on the Will. The *motive* for the *haste* is clear enough; and, a time is yet to come when we shall have an opportunity of discussing the *merits* of that *motive*.

But, as to the *route*; as to the *road*, along which the funeral was to go, was any thing said about *that* in the will? Did the will desire that to be kept a *secret*? This is the great thing: upon this the contest turned; and this is a matter to which the attention of the whole nation ought to be directed. What Lady Hood foresaw and warned Liverpool against took place; Mischief *did* happen; *blood* was shed; a fight between the government and the people over the Queen's corpse did take place; the mourning coaches had bullets shot into them. This has been witnessed in England, while the feasting and rejoicings were preparing in Ireland. Now, therefore, let us see the *cause* of this bloody fight, and of the unparalleled scandal that it has produced; a scandal and disgrace to wipe which away there is no human means but one.

To have a clear view of this matter, we must first see the Funeral Procession *on the road*. There were Heralds, Marshals, and the other attendants of Royalty in death, in much about the usual style, and besides these a *squadron of horse*, the *BLUES*. There were thirteen mourning coaches, and some private carriages, amongst which were those of Lawyers *Brougham* and *Denman* with the owners in them. The procession did not quit Brandenburg House till eight o'clock. The hour fixed on by the government was *seven*; but, little indeed was the attention paid to this by the people. They were *on foot* by *two o'clock in the morning*, watching all the roads to the eastward, and especially watching the *Thames*. I live on the high road between Brandenburg - House and London, and I saw hundreds of men and women and some children, the women generally crying, going by *before three o'clock*. So suspicious were they upon the subject, that we now find that regular scouts had been placed on all roads *even before midnight*!

The corpse was to be carried, by land, to *Harwich*, in *Essex*; and, the direct road was *through the heart of the City of London*, the Lord Mayor and Corporation

of which had signified their wish to attend in person and in state to pay their last duty to the remains of the Queen. In order to be duly prepared for this, they had endeavoured to obtain from the Minister a *knowledge of the road* that the Funeral was to take; but they had endeavoured *in vain*! Thus, though a *time* had been fixed, all was uncertainty as to the *road*, except that it was made known towards the last, that it *was not to be through the City*. But, as it appeared in the sequel, the people were resolved, that it should be through the City, which was the *direct and only ever heard of road*, from Hammersmith to Harwich. And why were London and Westminster to be deprived of the sad satisfaction of paying the last tribute of respect to her whom they had so much and so justly loved and honoured? *Why* was this to be? A question, be you assured, reader, must be *answered* one of these days!

Now, in order to give to those who do not know the localities of London, as clear a view as I can of the foundation and nature of the contest, which was, in the course of it marked with *blood*, let me beg them to attend to the following description. The *City of London* is the *East* end of this metropolis,

and it has there a great road, called the *Essex Road*, and Harwich, the place to which the corpse was to go, is in Essex. *Westminster* is the *West* end of the metropolis; and *Hammersmith*, where Her Majesty died, is a village lying *four miles* from the *West* end of *Westminster*. The road from *Hammersmith* to *Essex*, through the heart of the two great cities, is nearly *straight*; it is direct and unimpeded.

Therefore, nothing could be so *natural* as for the corpse to pursue this its natural route; and nothing so *proper*, seeing that the Lord Mayor, and the Corporation of the City of London had expressed a strong desire to show their respect for the deceased in her passage through their city. *Liverpool* saw the thing, however, in a different light. He ordered the corpse to be taken *out of the main and direct road*; to be carried along a narrow, a dirty, and, to a large body, even dangerous *lane*, *two miles distant* from the *West* end of the metropolis; to be got up to the *North outskirts*, and to be got *back again* into the direct road at the *East outskirts* of the metropolis!

What could this be for? From whom did these orders come? Where did they originate? And,

shall we never have an opportunity of getting *answers* to these questions? Must we *always* be content with *Hobhouse's* answer; that the orders were "*irrevocable*?"

Let us now draw near to the scene of the several *fights* that took place. We have seen the funeral procession on the direct road from *Hammersmith* to *Harwich*. Observe, *Hammersmith*, or, the *House*, at least, which is on one side of the *Village* and on the banks of the *Thames*, is *four miles* from the metropolis, or somewhere thereabouts. The entrance into the metropolis, from this road (which is called the *Western Road*) is called *Hyde Park Corner*, a point which the reader will please to keep in view. Between *Hammersmith* and this point is the *Village of Kensington*, where I am now writing, and the middle of this village is about *half way* between *Hammersmith* and *Hyde Park Corner*. The main street of this village makes part of the great *Western Road*, and, of course, the procession had to pass along it. But, about the middle of the village, there is, going out of this main street, a narrow street (called *Church Street*), the continuation of which is a very narrow, crooked, hilly, dirty lane, called "*Kensington Gravel Pits*," from the

circumstance of gravel having been dug on one side of it. It is a singularly out-of-the-way, rubbishy place, the dwellings near it being little better than mere *sheds*, inhabited principally by linen-washers, carpet beaters, and the like: a way, in short, that nobody, except by accident or by stealth, ever thinks of passing in any *carriage* but a cart or waggon. In some parts the way is hardly *fifteen feet wide* from fence to fence, or house to house. How was a *hearse* and *mourning coaches*, with *side-attendants on horseback* to pass here? Why pick out this obscure lane for the procession to pass through! The reason will appear plain enough in a minute.

I have before spoken of the great *Western Road*. Observe, then, that there is a great *North-Western Road*, which joins the metropolis at a point called *Tyburn Turnpike*, which runs nearly parallel with the great *Western Road*, and for several miles, the roads lie at about a *mile* from each other. Now, then, observe, the *lane*, the dirty, crooked narrow lane before mentioned, called "*Kensington Gravel-Pits*," runs across from one of these roads to the other; and, as the object was to drag the remains of the unfortunate Queen round the *Northern*

out-skirts of the metropolis, to go into and along this lane was the first movement in the Northern direction.

The southern mouth of this lane is, as was observed before, called "*Church Street*." When, therefore, the procession had entered the Village of Kensington, and the head of it had reached the mouth of *Church Street*, it would have taken this *cut off to the North!* But, in the meanwhile, news had arrived of the plans of the government. These plans were made known at *Brandenburgh House*, only a few minutes before the departure of the corpse, by one *Bailey*, who, it appears had the charge of the business from the government, and who, it seems, had there read a paper, in the following words, which form a very interesting document, and may, I hope, yet become a *very important one*.

The funeral cavalcade to pass from the gate of *Brandenburgh House* through *Hammersmith*, to turn round by *Kensington Gravel pits*, near the Church into the *Uxbridge Road* to *Bayswater*, from thence to *Tyburn Turnpike*, down the *Edgeware Road*, along the *New Road* to *Islington*, down the *City Road*, along *Old Street*, *Mile End*, to *Romford*, &c. A squadron of *Oxford Blues* from *Brandenburgh House* to *Romford* to attend the procession, a squadron of the 4th

Light Dragoons from Romford to Chelmsford, another squadron of the same regiment from Chelmsford to Colchester, and another escort from Colchester to Harwich, where a Guard of Honour is waiting.

Thus, to the last moment, the plan was kept a *secret from the public*, who were all uncertainty and anxiety, riding and running about from one entrance of the metropolis to the other; but whose zeal, vigilance and activity had remained unwearied, and that too under a rain that had kept steadily, and sometimes heavily, falling, from five o'clock in the morning to the hour of *nine* when the head of the procession arrived at the mouth of Church Street in Kensington.

Here was the first stand made. The people, apprized of the intentions of the government, had blocked up the mouth of Church Street with carts and waggons, out of one of which they had tumbled a load of dung, which assisted in the obstruction. Lest this barricado should be forced, they had torn up the pavement behind (that is further up the street) and had rendered the road wholly impassable for carriages of any sort. Police-officers, or, at least, men with staves, made a fight here against the people, and, after some bruising and bleeding on both sides,

and further attempts to pass appearing fruitless, the director of the affair appears to have *sent to the government for orders, or for assistance*.

The halt, produced by this act of resistance on the part of the people, lasted as nearly as possible *two whole hours*. All the shops and houses in the main street of the village were closed out of respect to her Majesty's remains. For my own part, anxious to show my ardent and unabated attachment to that persecuted lady, my conviction of her perfect innocence and my admiration of her character, I had *covered my whole house with black cloth from the roof to the pavement*. Some of the newspapers have noticed this; but, they have not noticed, and were, perhaps, not aware of, the circumstance before alluded to by me, the circumstance *so singular, so impressive, and so affecting*, that, *exactly opposite this very house*, under the shade of this extraordinary demonstration of the sincerest grief and devotion, the corpse of the beloved innocent and injured Queen remained for the whole of those two hours!

What were my *thoughts*: no, not thoughts, for I had none: what were my feelings, during those two melancholy hours, I should in vain

endeavour to describe. This I know, that two more such hours I would not pass for all the good that this world can afford. I am not superstitious; I know that this was merely accidental; that the head of the procession being exactly as far from my house as it was from the corpse, brought the latter and placed it directly under my lugubrious dwelling during the space of two hours; but, still, there was, in the circumstance, something so very singular, so affecting, so imperious over the mind, that it was impossible not to yield to its powers.

At last the procession began to resume its march. The commander of it (this fellow by the name of *Bailey*, I suppose,) had, it seems, sent for instructions to *Liverpool* (*Jenkinson*), and had got an answer. At any rate, at ten minutes past eleven, the hearse moved on from my door, and a shout, such as I never heard before, proclaimed the *victory* even of the dead corpse of this gallant Queen. But, the battle was not yet *decided*. There were other fights to take place.

The reader will please to bear in mind, that the procession was now moving on towards *Hyde Park Corner* from *Kensington*. Now, on the left hand side of the

road, the whole length of this distance, lies *Hyde Park*, the wall of which is the fence against the great road. This *Park* extends across, to the North, as far as the great *North Western Road*, into which *Bailey* (or whoever else it was) had endeavoured to get by going along *Kensington Gravel-Pits*. Therefore, if the corpse could have been got *into the Park* through a *gate* which is at the *Kensington* end of the *Park*, the conductors might have galloped it across the *Park*, and, by that means got it out at another *gate* at the *North East corner of the Park*, which is nearly opposite the road which leads to the *Northern out-skirts* of the metropolis.

The attempt was made! The head of the procession was ordered to *turn into the park* through the *Kensington Park Gate*. But, this gate too had been blocked up, and the entrance was not to be effected except over the bodies of the people. The gate was, at one time, half forced open by the soldiers; but it was forced back again; and, after some few further vain efforts to clear the way, the procession moved on to *Hyde Park Corner*.

Here the *Park* ends, and here there is another *Park-gate*. A little further on, a narrow street,

called Park-Lane goes out of the main street (Piccadilly), and continues on to the *North*, coming out into Oxford Street, at that *North East corner* of the Park, which the commander of the expedition was desirous to reach. But, it was soon found to be utterly impossible to enter Park-Lane, which had been barricadoed as effectually as if engineers had been at work with pioneers and miners. The persevering Commanders of the expedition resorted, therefore, to a sort of trick, which was to *cut the procession in two*, leave the head of it at Park Lane, and, under cover of a body of horse soldiers, called Life-Guards, get the corpse into the Park through the Park Gate. This trick so far succeeded, the main body of the active part of the people being engaged at Park-Lane. Having got the corpse into the Park, the gates were closed, and guarded by soldiers, with arms ready for work. Some of the people got in, however, with the corpse, and pursued it (though the horses were forced along at a great rate) to the North Eastern Park Gate. Others went up Park Lane and through the streets; these were met by multitudes from the Northern Parts of the metropolis; and now the object of the people was to *prevent* the corpse

from getting *through the Park Gate*.

The commander of the enterprise had, as was before observed, received a strong reinforcement of Life Guards, armed with *sabres*, *carabines*, and *pistols*, and mounted on tall and powerful horses, trained to prancing and trampling and to all sorts of things, calculated to render them formidable to unarmed men. The passage of the gate appears to have been disputed with great obstinacy, and for a good while; but, at last, the corpse was got through and the gates closed by the soldiers, who, by this means, shut a large body of the people into the park. These, in order to get out, *pulled down the park wall* for a considerable distance. This furnished the people with something in the way of weapons, which they appear to have made no sparing use of. The accounts of the battle that here ensued *between the king's soldiers and his people, over the dead body of his wife and Queen!* these accounts are so contradictory, in many respects, that it is, at present, impossible to come at the exact truth in detail. The soldiers fought with their *swords*, *pistols* and *carabines*, and the people with bricks, brick-bats and stones. They had, it seems, got

downt iron railings, but, for want of tools, had not been able to separate the bars from the connecting collars and the curb-stones; or else, it is more than probable, that, though the slaughter would, doubtless, have been great, the battle would here have ended in that complete victory, which was obtained at a later period.

Whether any *death* has actually taken place is more than we yet know. Many shots were fired, some entered the mourning coaches, and probably the hearse. Many deep wounds were inflicted on both sides; several soldiers were knocked off their horses, and it is stated that *eight* of these Life Guards were sent to the hospital wounded. At last, owing chiefly to the state of unpreparedness on the part of the people, who, after the fight at Kensington, seem to have entertained no idea of any further attempt to drag the corpse round the Northern out-skirts; owing chiefly to this, the road leading from this park gate to those out-skirts, had not been blockaded. So that, the disjointed procession made shift to get into that road, to get into what is called the *New Road*, forming a part of the out-skirts; and the commander of the enterprise now, in all probability, thought he had carried his point,

in which conclusion, however, he soon found himself mistaken.

The people, taught by experience, the necessity of *distant preparation*, suffered the procession to go on; but went forward to about a mile and a half distance, and there made preparations for a *stand*. The line of march was now the *New Road*, which is about *fifty feet wide*, and *not paved*. This road, at about a mile and a half from its *West End*, is crossed by the continuation of a wide and long street, called *Tottenham Court Road*, which is one of the great *Northern Out-lets* to the Metropolis, and, in its southern direction, runs into the very centre of its bustle and population; and this street points, too, towards the spot, which the people had constantly in view; namely, *Temple Bar*; that is to say, one of the ancient gates, the great and well-known entrance to the *City of London* from that of Westminster.

Therefore, at the point where the *New Road* is crossed by *Tottenham Court Road*, the people appear to have been resolved to make a stand; and, if possible, to compel the commander of the enterprise to take the corpse towards the South and to *Temple Bar* along the last-named long and spacious street. When the commanders of

the cavalcade came to this point, they found the New Road barricaded in the most formidable manner. Carts and waggons, drays, *with the wheels taken off*; hackney coaches, carriages of all sorts, had been placed so as to fill up the whole of the New Road for a great distance. The tops of these were covered with people. The barricade itself was loaded with a multitude that hid it. It appeared like a mountain of men; and, in the front of this mountain were, it is said, a phalanx ready to dispute the passage inch by inch. Even if all the people could have been killed here, it must have been *hours* before the cavalcade could have got a passage along the New Road. To pass, in short, was impossible.

Here, therefore, the struggle ended! The corpse, the body of that beloved and gallant Queen, who had *always* triumphed when she relied on the people, was now, by that same people, conducted in triumph down Tottenham Court Road and towards the gate of the City of London. It appears, however, that the government had resolved to go on; for, in Tottenham Court Road the procession was met by a regiment, or some large body of *foot Soldiers*, who, upon its approach, were made to

fix their bayonets and to form into a *hollow square*! But, after a short pause, though not unaccompanied with some acts of hostility, the obstruction was removed, and the cavalcade proceeded.

Indeed, it appears, that any further attempt to avoid the City of London must have been wholly unavailing, even with the slaughter of thousands. For the people, at points more advanced than the junction of Tottenham Court Road with the New Road, had barricaded the way. They had, too, provided for preventing an escape by any of the Eastern outlets of Tottenham Court Road itself; and, in short, had rendered every passage, except that by Temple Bar, the direct road from Hammer-smith to Harwich, wholly impracticable. If an attempt had been made to go along any of the narrow passes, nothing short of dreadful slaughter could have taken place. Soldiers could not have done much in narrow streets. Houses would have been untiled, parapets flung down; and, in all human probability, arms would, at last, have been resorted to on the part of the people, and the cold corpse of the Queen might have been buried under heaps of the bodies of her husband's English subjects, at the moment when

he was preparing to receive the congratulations and to participate in the jovial festivities of the Irish.

Happily this scene of horrors was prevented by a yielding to the people; happy would it have been if yielding had sooner taken place, and happy will it be, if, from this memorable day's events, the government take timely warning, and never again think of *pushing things to extremity*. But, when we look at the language of the cruel and cowardly monsters of news-paper writers, whose mercenary rancour pursues the innocent victim even down into her tomb, we can indulge little hope of witnessing such a result. These diabolical wretches blame the commanders of the expedition for not pushing on at the *point of the bayonet*, forgetting, most likely, that even that bayonet is in the hands of nothing more than *a part of those Labouring Classes*, whom they load with foul and indiscriminate abuse. "If the government had been prepared," these horrible monsters exclaim. *Prepared, indeed! Prepared for what? Prepared for a general war against a million of the king's subjects for the purpose of forcing his wife's dead body through dirty bye-lanes and round the outskirts of villages and cities! Prepared for such an*

enterprise! And how prepared? With horse, foot, and artillery! Perhaps ten thousand men, placed on the road the day before, might have carried the amiable purpose into execution; and it is only perhaps. Soldiers have human hearts in their bosoms as well as other people; and ought those hearts to be put to so severe a test; and that, too, without necessity? Instead of applauding the government for giving way, for preventing the further effusion of blood, those savage, ferociously mercenary ruffians, venture to censure it, and to denominate that weakness, which was no more than declining to cause general slaughter. Of all the enemies of governments mercenary literary supporters are the greatest. By them it is chiefly, that governments are flattered, deceived, led on and urged on to their overthrow; and of all the bands of ruffians of this description that ever carried the bloody banners of persevering and unpardonable cruelty, the band with which this country is cursed is the most odious and detestable.

Let, us, however, leave these malignant monsters to foam out their disappointment at seeing the stream of blood stopped, and follow the mournful, and now *only mournful*, cavalcade, down the

rest of Tottenham Court Road, and, through various streets, with as little circuit as possible, to the Strand and to that *Temple-Bar*, that gate of the City of London, from entering which it had been endeavoured to prevent it.

The *Lord Mayor* and Corporation, who had been kept from the morning dawn in a state of complete uncertainty, did not obtain intelligence that the corpse was approaching the limits of his Lordship's jurisdiction time enough to meet it at Temple Bar. They met it, however, not far from that spot, when he immediately, in virtue of his authority, ordered the *Life-Guards* to go back, suffering the *Blues*, who formed the *escort of honour* to proceed as they had done before. These soldiers had, the accounts say, taken no part in any of the battles, and had merely acted as a *guard of honour*.

All was now the tranquillity of grief and mourning. The bells of the numerous churches tolled as the corpse passed along, and the deep and dismal sound of the great bell of St. Paul's, while the corpse was passing under that lofty pile, seemed to bid the sufferer an affective, a mournful and everlasting farewell. The scene was truly awful: the pale looks and drooping countenances,

the sighs, the half smothered sobs of the men, the tears, crying, the shrieking of the women and children, the blessings that mixed themselves with these; "Poor Queen!" "God bless her!" "Bless her, bless her!" And then

. But, away with all attempts at description. The bosom that needs it is that of a tyger and not of a man. We have this consolation at any rate, and I thank God for it; that, if there be monsters to rejoice and carouse upon this occasion, those monsters are *not in England*.

Having passed St. Paul's, the procession passed along the great streets to the end of the metropolis, thence on its way to Romford in Essex, and thence to Chelmsford, where it was to remain the first night. I shall endeavour to get, and to insert in a subsequent part of this paper, a good account of what has taken place on the road. In the meanwhile, let me pledge myself here, that, if I have life for only a short time, I will, as far as *in me lies*, do justice to the memory of this injured, this cruelly treated lady. Many persons, men as well as women, begged, at Romford and other places to be permitted to *touch the coffin*. Processions by

torch-light along the road ; crowds of country people blessing the name of the departed sufferer ; all kinds of demonstrations of love, respect, devotion and grief, accompanied her remains through the dominions of that husband, whose servants had brought in against her that calumnious Bill of Pains and Penalties, which held her up to the world as the worst and most degraded of human beings !

Is not this matter for *history* ? Yes, but this, and *all the transactions* which have led to this melancholy catastrophe, which have, at last, broken the kindest, most generous and bravest of human hearts ; and, not only all the *acts*, but all *actors* and all their *motives*, ought to be made known, ought to be fixed firmly in the minds of the *present generation*. Be this *my task* ; and this task shall be performed with all the dispatch that a history so full of events, so entangled with intrigues, so thickly sowed with interesting and astounding circumstances, will permit of.

For many years I have taken a most active part in the defence of this injured lady, being first thereunto induced by a thorough conviction of her spotless innocence of every thing imputed to her in

1806. I have read every document relating to accusations against her ; I have carefully examined all the facts and arguments on both sides ; concurrently with these I have had a thorough knowledge of the views and motives of all the factions ; I have seen how her case was made to operate for purposes quite foreign to it ; above all things, I have, with the most anxious desire to arrive at truth, and to satisfy my *own mind and conscience* upon the subject, examined and scrupulously weighed every tittle of evidence and every point in argument ; and, in the face of all her foes, and before that country in which to be held in esteem must naturally be the first wish of my heart, and in the presence of that God to whom I am to answer for every act and thought, *I solemnly declare my firm conviction of her perfect innocence of every crime laid to her charge.*

And, shall her remains lie *for ever* in a foreign land ! To England her name, her fame, all that did or do appertain to her, belong. Shall justice to her memory and remains never be done by this whole nation ? I trust it will. The character of the country demands it ; and I shall be, I hope, among the last men in it, who will neg-

lect any effort necessary to uphold that character. Many and many thousands have been so sincerely devoted to her cause as to make every sacrifice, to set at defiance all risks, and even all cares, for her sake. Amongst these I claim the honour of being numbered. On her arrival I met her on Shooter's hill and waved over her head a laurel bough; at the departure of her sad remains I covered my house with a pall, and under that pall those remains tarried for two hours, as if to remind me, that I had still a duty to perform; and, when I descend myself into the grave, I desire nothing to be said of me, more than that I was a zealous defender of "Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England."

WM. COBBETT.

The following are merely extracts from the news-papers:—

Route from Whitechapel to Romford.

From Whitechapel the procession moved on to Mile-end, in the same order in which it had passed through the city, with this difference, that before it reached to the former place it was joined by a large additional body of sailors, who formed in small parties of six abreast, intervening between

the hearse and the carriages in front. The procession at this place (Mile-end) advanced at a much more rapid rate than it had been enabled to do before. The groupes of mariners which had just joined it, however, kept pace with it, and continued to move on in very regular order until it reached Bow.

The procession entered Bow a short time past five o'clock. The crowds which lined the roads and filled the houses on its approach to this place were very great. Not an elevation on which even a single individual could obtain a sight of the approaching procession remained unoccupied. The streets were thronged, the houses and windows were filled, and not a place was left empty at its approach. We here noticed, as well as in several other stages of the melancholy procession, that the females received it with tears. Indeed, it would be difficult to convey to a person who had not witnessed the procession an adequate idea of the feelings with which the remains of her Majesty were received in every place through which they passed. We assert (and we defy the most malevolent of her Majesty's enemies to contradict the fact,) that during the whole course of the procession from Whitechapel to Romford

there was scarce a house which the body passed in which several females did not bestow the tribute of a tear to the memory of their beloved Queen. Indeed, we never saw such public manifestations of real sorrow. The grief of very many of the most respectable females who witnessed the procession appeared rather as that which is created by the loss of a dear and intimate friend, than what is generally felt for the departure of a person of her late Majesty's rank. We never saw on any public occasion, where a tribute was offered to the memory of a departed superior, such an appearance of real woe; and in confirmation of this assertion, we would confidently appeal to every man (no matter of what party) who saw the funeral on its departure from the city.

We mentioned before that a large body of mariners joined the melancholy procession at Mile-end. They continued with it (though even at this place the rapidity of its movements was considerably greater than what would be called very quick walking) until it reached nearly to Bow: at this place the cavalry (and of course the hearse and its attendant carriages) advanced at such a quick rate as defied the exertions of an ordinary pedestrian. The

consequence was, that many of those who had accompanied the funeral on foot were obliged to drop behind. This rapid pace was continued for the greater part of the way between Mile-end and Bow; and though at the latter place, in consequence of the great crowds which preceded it, its speed was relaxed, yet still it was greater than that with which an ordinary pedestrian could keep pace. This quick movement was sometimes given up for a more slow and solemn motion, but at intervals the cavalcade would break into a rapid movement, wholly inconsistent with dignity or solemnity. In justice we must add, that the indecent kind of haste which we have here been forced to notice, did not continue throughout the procession to Romford, but that it now and then subsided into the more solemn movement which befitted the funeral of a Queen. The procession continued in nearly the same order from Bow to Stratford, in both of which places, we should observe, its entrance was announced by the tolling of the church bells. In Stratford there was the same concourse of spectators, and the same affecting sympathy from the females, which we noticed before. At this latter

place, the bodies of sailors which had joined the procession formed into lines, at each side of the road; and as soon as the procession passed through, they returned towards town. Many of the horse-men, who had accompanied the funeral from Hyde-park, also quitted at this place. The cavalcade then moved on, occasionally in a very quick trot, to Ilford. Here the funeral was met by large bodies of the inhabitants, on horseback, on foot, and in vehicles of every description, which lined the roads at both sides. Among these we noticed a number of private carriages filled with ladies dressed in deep mourning.

At a quarter past six o'clock the funeral entered Ilford, the streets of which were thronged with spectators. At the doors and windows of every house we noticed groups of individuals, who appeared to sympathize most deeply in the general feeling. At Ilford the greater part of the Knight Marshal's men left the procession. We cannot say that the whole of them returned to town from this place, but after this, we did not perceive them in the procession. The cavalcade then moved on towards Romford, but at a slower pace than it had kept since it left Mile-end. At about a mile at this

side of the town it was met by a deputation of the inhabitants, attired in deep mourning, each individual bearing a black wand, covered at the top with crape. Preceded by this body, it entered Romford at a quarter to eight o'clock. The inhabitants had been expecting it for several hours before; and the most strange stories were prevalent as to the cause of its delay. The White Hart Inn, where it was determined that Her Majesty's suite should stop and dine, was hung with mourning. A large canopy covered with black cloth, handsomely festooned, was raised over the gateway under which the persons composing the procession had to pass. As soon as the mourners had alighted from their carriages, the hearse with the Royal remains was drawn up about a hundred yards further into the town. The Horse Guards (Blue,) which had attended it from London, were here relieved by a party of the 4th Light Dragoons. Of these, a small Guard of Honour was placed round the hearse; the remainder of the troop paraded up and down the street in its vicinity. It was expected by some that the stay of the procession at Romford would not exceed half an hour, and by others it was thought that it would remain

there for the night. Indeed, from the fatigue which all the individuals who formed the procession had undergone, it was impossible that they could proceed without some considerable time being allowed for refreshment and repose. We understand that the principal persons of her Majesty's suite objected to going farther for that night, and that some considerable time was occupied in the discussion between them and the individuals who had the direction of the funeral on this subject. It was at length determined that the body should be conveyed on to Chelmsford, and that the principal persons of the suite should remain to rest at Romford, until an early hour in the morning, at which time they were to set off to overtake the procession before it reached Colchester.

At a little before eleven o'clock the Guard of Honour in attendance on the Royal corpse began to move, and very soon the hearse was drawn up to its former station in the procession. It was at this time preceded by the Deputation which had ushered it into the town, each member bearing a lighted torch—The appearance of the assemblage thus formed was truly grand. The procession was also accompanied, for a short distance,

by the principal inhabitants of the town.

During the few short stoppages which the funeral made on the road, a great number of very decent people pressed round the hearse, anxious to be allowed to touch the coffin. The wish of many of them was complied with, and they laid their hands on the end of the coffin with the utmost reverence, and departed apparently highly gratified. It was not expected that the procession would reach Chelmsford before two or three o'clock this morning.

Brentwood, Wednesday morning,
One o'clock, A.M.

The inhabitants of Brentwood, from whence this is dated, have lined the roads on each side leading to the village. The great numbers that have assembled during the day have decreased considerably, and have gone to their homes disappointed and fatigued. Vast crowds of persons, male and female, still fill the street. Gentlemen (about one hundred in number) with torches, are anxiously waiting the arrival of the procession, which is now within sight. The greatest respect was paid to the deceased. The inhabitants escorted the cavalcade on the road to Ingatestone.

Ingatestone, quarter-past Two o'Clock
Wednesday Morning.

Not a person in this place is gone to bed, they have been anxiously waiting since noon yesterday, for the arrival of the funeral procession. The intelligence of the rioting and firing on the populace in London, has reached this place, and reports of the most ridiculous nature are circulated. A horseman has just arrived (one of the undertakers' men,) stating that the procession is approaching this place. The moon shines brilliantly, and the cavalcade is seen at a distance. The effect of its appearance at this hour, is grand and impressive. The people behave in a manner highly becoming and consistent with the solemnity. Complaints have been made by the Household of her Majesty at being thus compelled to travel so fast: they say it is exceedingly indecorous. The crowds manifested not the least disposition to riot; but some of the farmers' labourers cried—"God bless the Queen!" whilst others shouted—"Hold your noise; it *an't* right at a funeral!" The inhabitants of this place went with the procession some distance on the road to Chelmsford.

Chelmsford, Three o'Clock,
Wednesday morning.

This is generally considered to be one of the most loyal towns in England. There are evidently party feelings existing very strongly. At this hour, however, the inhabitants, by hundreds, fill every street through which the remains of her Majesty will pass. The procession has been expected for many hours, and the people are exhausted from wet and fatigue.

Chelmsford, quarter past
Three o'Clock.

Many of the inhabitants are waiting at the outskirts of the town, in momentary expectation of the funeral approaching within sight. One of Messrs. Bailey and Sanders' men has just entered the town, and given information of her Majesty's remains being near at hand. The procession moves very slowly; the horses in the mourning coaches and hearse are completely knocked up. The pages and the out-riders are in a most deplorable condition, and appear half drowned and covered with mud, caused by rain, the trampling of the horses' hoofs, and the splashing of carriage wheels. The streets of this town are literally (at this hour in the morning) choked with the vast assemblage of persons; it appears as if the whole

population of London had been attracted to this place. The cavalcade moves towards the Church. The windows of the houses are filled with spectators. The greatest order and regularity is preserved.

Four o'Clock.

The coffin containing the body of her Majesty has been removed from the hearse into the church. It is laid upon a bier in the middle aisle, with the velvet pall placed over it. Sir George Nayler and Mr. Hood, the Herald, carried the Crown and the Cushion into the church, and placed them on the coffin. Lord and Lady Hood, and Lady Hamilton, have not arrived here; they were obliged, from excessive fatigue, to sleep at Romford, at the White Hart. The Household of the late Queen have been put down at the Black Boy Tavern, the whole of which was previously taken for the accommodation of the persons forming the procession. After a guard had been placed over the remains of her Majesty, Sir George Nayler and his assistants retired to the inn, and were glad to seek repose after the extraordinary exertions and dangers of the preceding day.

Five o'Clock.

Orders have been given by Mr. Bailey for every person who in-

tends to go on from Chelmsford with the funeral, to be in perfect readiness to start by half-past nine o'clock. The Members of the Household express great dissatisfaction.

Her late Majesty's servants complain of the shortness of the time allowed them for repose, and declare and protest that it is utterly impossible they can be ready by the time.

Six o'Clock.

Most of the inhabitants are gone to rest. The town is perfectly tranquil, and only an inconsiderable crowd is collected near the Church, where the soldiers are on guard over the remains of the Queen.

Romford, Eight o'Clock.

There is a report generally circulated through this town, that the body of her Majesty was not permitted to be taken into Chelmsford Church, and that serious consequences are apprehended.

Romford, Nine o'Clock.

An Express has just arrived at these Barracks, and two troops of the Blues are ordered immediately for Chelmsford, under the command of Colonel Hill, the brother of Lord Hill. The inhabitants of Romford are now confident that something extraordinary has taken place at Chelmsford. Lord and

Lady Hood, and Lady Hamilton set off from here at six o'clock, in a coach and four, with outriders. Mr. and Mrs. Wylde arrived here in a private carriage a considerable time before the procession, and set off for Chelmsford.

Romford, Eleven o'Clock.

An Express has just passed through this place, and the fears of the good folks here have subsided. "All is quiet at Chelmsford; and the cavalcade is to move towards Colchester at ten o'clock," was the intelligence given by the person riding express.

We regret to state that her Majesty's coachman received several injuries on his head, from stones and missiles thrown by the crowd yesterday in the affray with the soldiery. Many of the Blues received contusions and other injuries during the affray.

Chelmsford, Nine o'Clock.

Lord and Lady Hood, and Lady Hamilton, are just arrived. Messrs. Bailey and Chittenden are making every exertion to proceed by ten o'clock: but such is the condition of the horses, that it is believed they cannot be ready before twelve o'clock to set off.

The streets are beginning to fill again most rapidly. Some of the

mourners are not yet risen from their beds; being quite worn out. It may, therefore, be some time before the cavalcade proceeds.

Chelmsford.

Wednesday Morning, 4 o'clock.

The body of the Royal victim has just arrived in this town, and has been received in it, as in every other town through which it has passed, with the strongest testimonies of the most sincere respect. The unusual hour at which it has been moving from Romford to this place has no doubt prevented many from paying to her late Majesty that tribute of regard which her many sufferings and her many virtues demanded at their hands; but, even notwithstanding that occurrence, the inhabitants of this district of Essex have not been backward in shewing their sympathy with the sentiments so loudly expressed yesterday by the inhabitants of the metropolis. The procession did not leave Romford till half-past 11 o'clock yesterday night: its moving at that late hour excited very general indignation and amazement in the inhabitants of that and the neighbouring towns. As soon, however, as it was ascertained that the orders for its advance were actually issued, the

friends of the Queen put themselves upon the alert. Contrary to the etiquette observed upon the removal of the Duke of Kent's body from Devonshire to Windsor, the hearse and body of her Majesty were allowed to remain in the open street, instead of being conveyed to the nearest church, during the time assigned for refreshment to those who form a part of this melancholy pageant. When it was again brought into line from the corner in which it had been so unceremoniously placed, and surrounded both in front and rear by a detachment of the dragoons, a number of respectable gentlemen, habited in the deepest mourning, lighted torches, and lined the road towards Chelmsford to a considerable distance. The red funereal glare which was thus cast upon all the surrounding objects, suited well with the melancholy solemnity of the occasion, and added a deeper interest to that already excited by the mournful destiny of her to whose memory all this spontaneous homage was paid.

Two blasts of the trumpet formed a signal for the procession to advance; and at that moment the bells of Romford church, which had been ringing a muffled peal, began to toll once a minute, and did not cease till the body had got

to a considerable distance from that place. The mildness of the evening, and the brightness of the sky, in which an unclouded moon was shining with all its lustre, attracted many small detached parties both of men and women to follow the funeral far beyond the immediate limits of their own neighbourhood. At a village about a mile and a half from Romford, the torchbearers bade a last farewell to "the injured Queen of England," and at the same time, some of them called down curses not only deep, but loud, upon her persecutors. On leaving this place the military put their horses to a sharper pace, and for some time the rate at which they went was more like that of a race, than that of a funeral. Indeed, they fully made good a promise which one of them had previously made in the streets in the course of conversation, that if they once started they would not be long on their road to Chelmsford. So rapid was their course, for which, by the bye, their superiors are to be blamed and not they—that at one time they were nearly half a mile a-head of all the mourning coaches. They halted, however, more than once before they got to Chelmsford, to allow them time to regain their proper place in the cortege.

At Brooksbridge and at Brentwood, as far as could be judged from appearances, the people had given up all expectations of seeing the funeral that night, and on its arrival were running about in all kinds of undresses to obtain a sight of it. A great desire existed both in these and in other villages to touch the hearse which conveyed her Majesty. In all of them the bell of the parish church tolled minute strokes from the entrance to the departure of the procession. At Ingatestone there were still more evident signs that the arrival of the procession was unexpected. The bell did not begin to toll till the military had got almost through the town; and indeed, if they had proceeded at their usual pace, and not stopped for a quarter or half an hour to refresh their horses, they must have left it before one melancholy note could have sounded from the bells of that hamlet. On arriving at Chelmsford, the inhabitants proved themselves better acquainted than their neighbours with the intentions of the "powers that be;" for their windows and streets were quite as crowded as they ever are in the day-time, and the whole of the population seemed perfectly aware of the mournful duties which it was incumbent upon them to perform

in the present great national catastrophe. The procession drove up the town, and did not stop until it reached the avenue leading to the church-yard, which was lined by a dismounted detachment of the 4th Dragoons. The coffin was there taken out of the hearse, was carried by the undertaker's men into the church, and was followed thither by all the members of her late Majesty's household. During this period the bells were tolling, and the Royal standard was floating on the tower half-mast high.

The church was lighted up, and apparently crowded with mourners, when the remains of her Majesty arrived. The clergymen appeared in their gowns. The coffin was deposited behind the pulpit, and immediately before the altar. All decent preparations had been made for the solemn and melancholy occasion. The pulpit was hung with black, and had the royal arms emblazoned in front, as upon the hearse. The square space in which the coffin was deposited was likewise hung with black, and had on each side six lamps with reflectors behind them. Three large wax lights in silver watered candlesticks were placed at each side, and rose as high as the top of the royal coffin. The body and

galleries of the church filled with persons, most of them in deep mourning, taking a melancholy interest in the fate and sufferings of departed Royalty; the emblems of mortality every where multiplied around, and consecrated by solemn services of religion, which commenced as soon as the royal remains were introduced; formed a striking and impressive scene. A funeral anthem was played, while the mourners, who formed the procession, stood round the body. As soon as it was finished, an order was given to clear the church, and a guard of Blues took their station beside the coffin, where they remained for the night. So deep was the interest of the mourning population in the object before them, that the order for clearing the church was executed with difficulty, and only after repeated exhortations from the clergyman not to make his church a scene of riot, or render it necessary to call in the constables.

Wednesday Morning,
Nine o'Clock.

The shops of this town are all shut this morning, and every respectable person seen in the streets is in mourning. It was resolved, when the procession reached Chelmsford at four, that it should again start at nine, but whether

from a feeling of mercy to the horses, which are to convey it all the way to Harwich, and which must have been nearly worn out by the length of their drive and the quickness of their motion for a part of the road yesterday, or from a regard to the comfort of the mournful attendants on her late Majesty's remains, we see as yet no appearance of its immediate departure. There is at this moment a large crowd of persons in the churchyard, waiting for admission into the church to obtain a view of the hearse and coffin. Many of them appear to be substantial farmers, who have brought their wives and daughters from some distance to pay this last tribute of regard to departed majesty. Most, if not all, of them are in mourning, and seem deeply impressed with the solemnity which they are about to witness. They are admitted into the church by turns, it having been found expedient not to allow more than a certain number to enter at any one time. The bells of the parish church have been ringing a dumb peal all the morning.

Quarter past Nine o'clock.

The Dragoons are now assembling, and the procession is expected to start in about a quarter of an hour.

Chelmsford, Wednesday,
11 o'clock A. M.

Two troops of Light Dragoons of the regiment called the Queen's Own are now drawn up before the church. The hearse is brought down, and the mourning coaches forming the procession are arranged as yesterday. The undertakers are employed in bringing out her Majesty's remains from the church; the bell is tolling, and the funeral is immediately to proceed. All the attendant mourners have been ready from 9 o'clock, the hour originally fixed upon for their departure. The respite of two hours, which they have enjoyed, has been entirely owing to the good-will and pleasure of the government directors of the ceremony. Those who feel the deepest interest that every thing should be done with all due order, and have the most solemn part of the duty to perform, have no power to alter by one minute, or in the most trifling detail, any of the arrangements. They cannot check the indecent rapidity of the funeral race (as it may be called,) nor can they even secure a single personal comfort to themselves. The delay that has taken place here must be compensated, by additional speed in the remainder of the journey, for we are told that Harwich

must be reached to-night. The manner in which the whole of the funeral arrangements have been conducted has been so indecorous and contrary to every feeling of becoming respect, that one of her Majesty's executors (Mr. Wilde) has declined to act, and the other (Dr. Lushington,) while he acts, protests against the orders to which he is subjected. Two expresses were sent off by these gentlemen to Lord Liverpool in the course of yesterday and this morning, strongly objecting to the measures which Government is pursuing.

Half past Eleven.

The procession has just set out. Almost the whole inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood have been assembled to see it, and the feelings of regret and sorrow have been loudly and feelingly expressed.

Kelvedon, Three o'Clock, P. M.

The procession has just arrived at Kelvedon. When it left Chelmsford, the greater part of the population went along with it, the gentry all dressed in decent mourning, and the labouring classes either in black or in their best holyday clothes. On their return, deep sorrow was visibly imprinted on the face of them all. The same

symptoms of grief were also discernible in the inhabitants of Springfield, the first village on the road to Kelvedon: in that neighbourhood the hedges appeared to be teeming with human beings; and it was evident from the spectacle then exhibited, that it was not merely the villagers on the exact line of road that had come to mourn at her Majesty's untimely fate, but also those from a considerable distance. The procession, contrary to the practice of yesterday, was closed by a small squadron of the 4th Light Dragoons. It is not known whether there has been any particular reason for selecting this distinguished regiment for the duty on which it is now placed, or whether it is only one of those many strange coincidences which have marked the mortal career of her late Majesty from its commencement to the close, but this regiment is called the "Queen's own," and is said to be very proud of its appellation. The closing of the procession of mourn-

ing coaches in this manner certainly adds to its picturesque appearance, and as it is also opened by an advanced guard of the same regiment, makes it, however we may dislike military show on such an occasion, more unique and uniform. At the pleasant little villages of Boreholme and Hatfield there was the same prevalence of good, kind, genuine English feeling as has been witnessed all along the road. The populous township of Witham, however, in its exhibition of mournful attachment to her Majesty, rivalled, if it did not surpass any township there has yet been occasion to mention. From the highest to the lowest persons in the town all were in mourning, and it could not have been more general had each family in the place lost a near and dear relation. The only exception was in the house of a Quaker, whose religious tenets prevent him from exhibiting any outward appearance of his inward grief. The house tops were crowded with numbers of well dressed females,

most of them in tears: the male inhabitants appeared to be all engaged in preceding the procession on horseback to Colchester. Indeed, the cavalcade of horsemen at this place is immense, and as it is mostly formed of substantial farmers, assumes a very imposing

appearance. The horses are baiting to proceed on immediately to Colchester, where it is expected to arrive about five o'clock. The pace at the beginning of the day was as rapid as yesterday, but seems latterly to have somewhat abated in its speed.

COTTAGE ECONOMY.

In consequence of the Application of several gentlemen, the *next Number* of this little work will contain a **PLATE** representing the **BREWING MACHINE** in all its parts, accompanied with explanations of their several uses in the process of brewing, together with a statement of the different *prices* of the Machine in its various sizes.---*Two editions* of the first Number have been published, and a third is in the press.---The Next Number will be published on the *first of September*.

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